

THE INTELLIGENCER.

Published Daily, Except Sunday, by
Intelligencer Publishing Co.,
25 and 27 Fourteenth Street.
JOHN FREW, Pres. and Bus. Manager.

Terms: Per Year, by Mail, in Advance,
Postage Prepaid.
Daily (6 Days Per Week) 1 Year—\$5.20
Daily, Six Months—2.60
Daily, Three Months—1.50
Daily, Two Days Per Week—8.00
Daily, One Month—1.00
Weekly, One Year, in Advance—1.00
Weekly, Six Months—1.00

THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER is delivered by carriers in Wheeling and adjacent towns at 10 cents per week. Persons wishing to subscribe to THE DAILY INTELLIGENCER can do so by sending in their orders to the Intelligencer office on postal cards or otherwise. They will be punctually served by carriers. Tributes of Respect and Obituary Notices 50 cents per inch. Correspondence containing important news solicited from every part of the surrounding country. Rejected communications will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

(The INTELLIGENCER, embracing its several editions, is entered in the Post-office at Wheeling, W. Va., as second-class matter.)

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:
Editorial Rooms—523 | Counting Room—622

THE INTELLIGENCER.

WHEELING, AUGUST 29, 1899.

Persons leaving the city can have the Intelligencer mailed to them to any address, by ordering it at this office, in person or by letter. Terms 10 cents per week. Address can be changed as often as desired.

President at Pittsburgh.

President McKinley, in welcoming home the battle-scarred Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers at Pittsburgh yesterday dropped into a retrospective mood, and in a succinct manner detailed the operations of the United States army in the Philippines from the time Spain ceased to control the islands until the present moment. He takes, as the head of the government, all responsibility for the situation in the archipelago. He hides behind no fortress of excuse, or skulks in the trenches of apology. American honor had to be maintained, and against a misguided foe abroad and their ridiculous sympathizers at home he has never flinched from what he perceived to be his duty.

In an eloquent manner the President recited the patriotism and valor of the troops who refused to sound the retreat when their time had expired, but who patiently and heroically fought on until their places could be filled with fresh levies. Only incidentally did he refer to the bigoted antics of anti-expansion fame, but he set forth in brilliant epigram the action of the insurgents who brought affliction not only upon themselves, but wounds and death and sorrow to others. The whole contention is summed up in these words: "Our kindness was reciprocated with cruelty, our mercy with a Mauea. The flag of truce was invoked only to be dishonored. Our soldiers were shot down when ministering to the wounded Filipinos. Our humanity was interpreted as weakness, our forbearance as cowardice. They assailed our sovereignty, and there will be no useless parley—no pause until the insurrection is suppressed and American authority acknowledged and established."

In this situation shall we lay down our arms and compromise with a cruel, vainglorious and ambitious rebel? It is an impossible and shameful proposition. The Filipino must be conquered so that those who have sacrificed their lives for the Nation's honor shall not have died in vain.

A Perplexed Democracy.

The Democracy, that is, what is left of what was once the Democratic party, and which is now under the direction of leaders who champion Bryan, his personality and his vagaries, are somewhat perplexed as to the definite issues for 1900. The Atlanta Constitution has been pushing its hands through its hair in a sadly contemplative mood and has succeeded in reaching some amusing conclusions. It professes to believe that the reaffirmation of the Chicago platform will not meet with any serious opposition from that element in the party known as Gold Democrats, and that it is unnecessary for the party to make any further declaration on the financial question. The Constitution adds:

"Everybody knows where the party stands on that question. Events that have taken place since the Chicago declaration have not tended to belittle the importance of the Democratic position; existing conditions have not served to convince any thoughtful person that the gold standard is a measure calculated to produce and promote the general prosperity of the land."

This is mirthful in a contradictory sense. The paper wants the Chicago platform to be reaffirmed, and in the next breath declares that such action would be superfluous, as the Democratic party is already committed to the 16 to 1 financial heresy.

However, there will be another skeleton at the feast—the Philippine question. Mr. Bryan, for months, has been devoting all his lung power to protesting against what he is pleased to term imperialism. He uses that strong word as if he were conjuring up some accusing ghost of Julius Caesar. Besides, it is a term that falls trippingly on the tongue—an expression that mystifies most of his hearers and serves to comfort the others with the belief that the Republican party is hatching some horrible scheme for the utter annihilation of the Nation. Nevertheless, Bryan will find that many more Democrats will oppose his views on the Philippines than combated his free silver dogmatism. It was only the other day that one of the ablest Democrats now in public life, Senator Morgan, of Alabama, remarked that "the people of this country are satisfied with the results already accomplished by the Philippine war. They are determined to press it

to a successful conclusion. No political party that opposes the United States government in its earnest attempt to suppress the insurrection in the Philippines will be sustained by the American people, and I am satisfied that the Democratic party cannot be led into any such attitude."

And there are others. The Democratic party can always be depended on to blunder. It is not likely that it will heed such men as Morgan. It is too much like Ephraim of old. It is joined to its idols, and it will be let alone, like the ancient transgressor, to pursue its own course of destruction.

"Always the Dead"

No truer or more tragic words were uttered than those spoken by the counsel for Dreyfus in the court martial proceedings at Rennes, when replying to General Mercler's remarks, he exclaimed: "Always the dead. Sandherr is dead; Henry is dead; Du Paty de Clam is not coming." The conspiracy of the generals is being barricaded behind dead men, who tell no tales.

And then there is that remarkable court which is trying Dreyfus, and which, through its head, Col. Jouaust, lets no opportunity escape of expressing its prejudice. It is an amazing exhibition of unfairness, without all form of reason or law, and a monumental travesty on justice. No sooner had Labori let the almost despairing cry escape him than the president of the court cut him off short, declaring that he would not be allowed to make such observations. How about the military witnesses? Are they stopped? Oh, no. They are permitted to flow on with the most irrelevant talk to make speeches, expressing opinions as to the bearing of the testimony of others on the prisoner; acting, in fact, in no other capacity than prosecutors. Instead of witnesses, pleading the cause of the government in place of giving testimony. The trial is nothing more than a monstrous spectacle of injustice and prejudice, and for this reason it has inflamed the minds of all people who love fairness and equity. Can France, under these circumstances, blame the outside world for its sympathy with the accused person so hedged, hampered and browbeaten?

An Automobile Campaign.

The eccentric Mayor Jones, of Toledo, a one-idea man, and in other respects a very blatant demagogue, after seeking the endorsement of several nominating conventions, and being turned down in a very emphatic manner, has concluded to go it alone as an independent candidate for governor of Ohio. Spectacular in his brief public life and accidental success in his home city he proposes to resort to sensational methods of keeping himself before the public. To do this he will make a tour of the state in an automobile, with a vocal annex in the shape of an artist who will attract the crowds with his songs. Mr. Jones promises to do the rest.

Jones and Pingree are of the same stripe and kidney. Inflated by unusual successes in a circumscribed sphere of local favor they have of late been devoting all their energies to burst the barriers of their pent up Utopias, imagining that the whole boundless universe waits with breathless interest a taste of their quality. Combined with insufferable egotism is a perverted opinion of the masses of the people, whom they imagine can be gulled by monstrous nerve and the meretricious methods of the fakir. Potato Pingree has already been, in a measure, discredited at home. Automobile Jones' tires are just as sure to be punctured.

Governor Atkinson was one of the prominent figures at the reception to the Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers at Pittsburgh yesterday. In the predominance of the outburst of patriotism he was not unmindful of the great state he represented, and became enthusiastic over its resources and prospects, relating to an admiring and appreciative throng in the Schenley Hotel that out of an area of 25,000 square miles 20,000 contained the richest veins of coal in the world. He also intimated that we were something of an oil producer.

The National Guard of West Virginia which has been undergoing reorganization ever since the volunteer regiment was formed for the Spanish-American war, now only lacks two companies—one in each regiment—of completion. Many towns are aspirants for the vacancies, but we know of none that has a better claim than Wheeling. Geographically and in every other point of view this city is entitled to distinguished consideration.

There was only one thing to mar Pittsburgh's jubilation over the returned heroes from the Philippines, and that was the absence of the commander of the Tenth regiment, whose form was lying cold and pulseless at Washington, awaiting final sepulchre, and the memory of the weeping widow. It is the inevitable way in every walk in life. "Cheers for the living, tears for the dead."

The Democratic lute at Zanesville will be sadly discordant without the practiced fingering of Col. William J. Bryan. He should have been present by all means.

Allen O. Myers has gone over to McLean. Well, that will hardly help McLean. But then Allen always was fond of being next to the barrel.

Bryan should secure Bertillon, of Dreyfus trial notoriety, with his cryptogram theory to illustrate his mournful screeds on imperialism.

The Pittsburgh papers are forgiven everything except the pictures they are printing of the President and his party.

Johnnie McLean will spend his money. That will catch the average delegate at Zanesville to-morrow.

Col. Du Paty de Clam keeps himself shut up tighter than his crustacean namesake.

The Record for Absurdity.

Louisville Courier Journal: The record for absurdity so far made by any political convention this year belongs

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to the Iowa Democrats, who declared in their platform:

"We condemn the war against the Filipinos, believing it to have been inspired by Great Britain for the purpose of producing conditions that will force an Anglo-American alliance, and we not only protest against the war and demand its termination by extension to the Filipinos of the same assurance given to the Cubans, but we record our deep-seated antagonism to an alliance with Great Britain or any other European power, and express our detestation of the attempt made in British interests to disrupt the friendly relations which have uniformly existed between the United States and Germany."

Of course, there was not a man with the intelligence of a green gourd who voted for that resolution who believed any such nonsense as that England had anything to do with our war in the Philippines, and who did not know that if England or any other power could make such fools of us we are not fit to govern ourselves and should at once make an assignment as a nation. The resolution was adopted not because it was not known to be poppycock but because it was hoped by it to catch some of the German vote of the state. But when conventions of dupes gravely announce such utter rot is it not strange that the people are fast coming to look with contempt upon the so-called platforms of all political conventions?

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

Don't busy yourself with unimportant things.

The man who always looks before he leaps seldom leaps.

It is easier to do what is right than to get credit for it.

A girl's idea of an eligible man is one who wants to get married.

The difference between love and dyspepsia is merely a matter of years.

No one ever heard of appendicitis resulting from a diet of sour grapes.

A few temptations beset the industrious, but all temptations assail the idle.

Some gold standard politicians believe in the 16 to 1—that is, 16 votes for \$1.00.

Results impress us more when we are ignorant of the process by which they are attained.

About the time a man's argument is exhausted he begins to lose interest in the subject.

A man may care but little for social recognition, but he draws the line at being cut by a barber.

If the better half was allowed to make all the bets the other half would probably come out ahead of the game.

The only difference between speculation and speculation is that there is a little crookedness about the latter "s" explains this—Chicago Daily News.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

It is better to wear your heart on your own sleeve than in some woman's bonbon box.

Some girls act like they are afraid if they didn't look in the mirrors all the time they wouldn't know where to find their faces.

When a woman has something to tell and on't tell it she is most as provoking as when she hasn't anything to tell and will tell it.

A woman calls it a thrilling adventure when she takes through her bedroom door with a man she doesn't know whether she trusts or not.

No matter what side of an argument a woman takes she will never give in; and, whether she was right or not, the next time she argues the same question she will take the side she didn't take before, and cry if you tell her so.—New York Press.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

In Chicago—"She says if she couldn't have a family crest without buying one, she'd do without a crest." "I dare say. She is notoriously the stingiest woman in Chicago."—Detroit Journal.

"Your wife, I believe, is a strong-minded woman." "Oh, I don't know. I should rather regard her as brittle-minded." "Bottle-minded?" "Yes; she has been giving me pieces of her mind for several years."—Household Words.

First Corporation Director—"Our legal department is getting to be very expensive." Second Corporation Director—"It is, indeed." "Yes, sometimes I am almost tempted to think it might be cheaper to obey the law."—Puck.

Not Inclusive—"Featherstone—"Come, Bobby (handing him a quarter), how many fellows have called on your sister this week?" Bobby—"Let's see five." "That doesn't include me, does it?" "Oh, no. Sister says you don't count."—Brooklyn Life.

Tomewell—"It's a wise man who knows when he's well off." Page—"Yes." Tomewell—"Jackard told me that everybody was talking about my new book." Page—"And what then?" Tomewell—"I was foolish enough to ask what they said."—Boston Transcript.

Seemed Useless—"I'm a good deal interested in the new planet they are preparing to study," remarked the man who finds relaxation from business in astronomy. "A new planet?" echoed the true magnate, reproachfully. "What was the use. We don't own all the earth yet."—Washington Star.

Sixteen to One.

The century was closing fast. As up and down the land there passed a man who bore through mud and ice, a banner with this strange device, "Sixteen to One!"

His forehead bulged; his eye beneath flashed like a falcon from its sheath, And like a silver claxon rung The accents of his tireless tongue—"Sixteen to One!"

In busy shops he saw the light Of furies gleaming warm and bright, The flames above the smoldering shoals, And from his lips escaped a groan—"Sixteen to One!"

"Take down your sign!" a colonel said; "The slaughter house is just ahead; The open grave is deep and wide." And loud that silver voice replied: "Sixteen to One!"

"Stay!" said a star-eyed goddess, "Rest Thy head, Boy Statesman, on this breast!" A teardrop from his blue eye fell, But still he answered with a yell: "Sixteen to One!"

"Beware! The octopus will fight. Beware, the kowtow's awful bite!" This was Boss Croker's last goodby, A voice was heard with this reply: "Sixteen to One!"

A traveler by a faithful hound, Snowed under, fathoms deep, was found, Still grasping in his hand of iron device, That banner with its strange device—"Sixteen to One!"

In the cold November day, His chin vibrates still, he lay; And, far o'er head, a mournful crow Cawed, as he circled to and fro: "Sixteen to One!"—Chicago Tribune.

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SOLDIER REFUTES LIBELS.

A South Dakota Volunteer Writes of Filipino Conditions.

Sioux City dispatch to Chicago Inter-Ocean: H. H. Coburn, a member of the First regiment, South Dakota volunteers, one of the men who have won glory for the regiment during engagements with the Filipino insurgents, in a letter to a South Dakota friend completely refutes the charges of cruelty made against the American soldiers by the sympathizers of Aguinaldo in this country, and gives other information which proves the justness, from a soldier's standpoint, of the American attitude in the Philippines. His letter is as follows:

"Well, the volunteers have finally been started home and are, of course, glad of it, but the kicking and clamoring for their return was done over there by the anti-expansionists and not by the soldiers here. Of course, the soldiers kick and grumble a little on general principles, but they do nothing to hamper or embarrass the government, and if such friends of the soldiers as Edward Atkinson and others of his class should happen around here during an engagement I wouldn't guarantee their safety."

"There is a large amount of lies being published about how things are going on here, some being written by soldiers themselves, which makes fine food for Populist papers, which delight in running down the government. All accounts of the soldiers killing women and children or any one except those fighting against them are nothing but lies. A woman or child will sometimes get killed or wounded, but it is done unintentionally. I have been in fourteen engagements, and under fire thirty-two days in the trenches at San Pedro Macati, and I know of but two women being killed, and they were in the trenches with the insurgents and were killed in a charge."

"A priest was killed at the same time. The shells of the warships and field batteries I have heard, killed some, but I did not happen to see it, but that could not be avoided. As for the government giving over these islands to Aguinaldo and his followers to govern, it would be as sensible as to gather together all the tribes of Indians in the United States and put them in a state or two, and tell the Sioux nation they could run things. There are a good many highly educated and well-to-do Tagals, who are perfectly competent of self-government, but there are quite a number of tribes almost wholly without education, and who would about as leave have roast man for dinner as anything else when they are hungry."

"I don't believe a white man ever lived on these islands who would advocate giving them self-government. Capital and industry would all leave if the Filipinos were given the reins of the government. If the United States withdrew from here, England or Germany would step in at once, and the natives would gain nothing, but would have another war on their hands. When this war ends, and peace is restored, the Filipinos will be glad, as a good many of them are now, that the United States has charge of things, and Uncle Sam can then begin one of the biggest pieces of missionary work ever undertaken by the government, in educating and civilizing these people, and they are able to pay the bill and flourish at the same time."

Stunned With Woo.

The gentleman with the red, red nose got aboard the trolley car.

The silence was intense.

The little boy looked at the man with the nose.

And the little boy didn't ask his father anything.

"Merciful heavens!" muttered the fond parent, "I am the father of a freak!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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